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# The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. V. DERRY, N. H., MAY, 1909. NO. 5

Published twice each term by the students and faculty of Pinkerton Academy.

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DERRY, N. H., 1909.

## Important Notice.

All the seats for the afternoon exercise on Commencement Day, June 18, will be reserved for ticket holders. It is the wish of the trustees and the faculty that any former members of the school who desire to attend may be provided with seats, and in order that this may be done the following directions are given:

Any former student of the Academy, by sending a request not later than Friday, June 11, to A. W. Reynolds, Derry Village, may have seats (not exceeding two) reserved. Tickets so reserved will not be mailed, but will be held to be called for by the applicant in person on Commencement afternoon between 1:30 and 2:15. At 2:15 uncalled-for tickets will be given any who may wish them.

These tickets will be honored only until half-past two, at which time seats remaining unoccupied may be taken by any person.

Since the number of seats is necessarily limited, it is hoped that none will apply for more tickets than they expect to use, nor should admission be sought for children. The right is reserved to limit, if necessary, the number of tickets to one for each of the alumni who apply.

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'Tis almost time for the Seniors to leave us. Some of them are glad, but most of them are sorry, deep down in their hearts. It will be rather lonesome next year without "Pagey," and "Blondy," and those other boys and girls. All in all, the class of 1909 has been rather a good class; we never heard it grumble very much. It has not been very successful in athletics, though it did hold a social on the sly once, but when it comes to music and literature it holds its own. We particularly refer to Miss Ruth Blood, who is a pianist of unquestioned ability; Miss May McCallum, whose singing has pleased many audiences by its sweetness and power; and Mr. Carl Forsaith, a writer

whose poems have occasionally found a place in THE CRITIC. These three students won first, second and third honors and we think everyone was more than satisfied. The least we can say is that they worked hard and thoroughly deserved them.

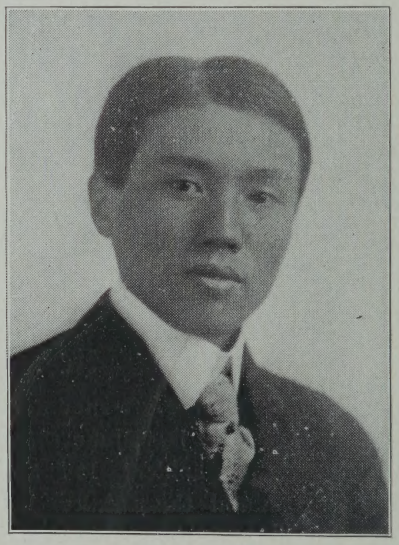
## Going, Going, Gone.

That is the way the Pinkerton school spirit has behaved during the last three or four years. It may be that it is slumbering, but it is a terribly deep sleep. Come, fellows and girls, we must find some of that fine enthusiasm which used to distinguish Pinkerton Academy from other schools. The baseball and track teams need all the support and encouragement we can give them, for with only one point to be won from Sanborn to bring the cup to P. A. forever, it becomes us to win it this spring. Everyone should help; the girls by going to the games, and the boys by going out for baseball, or training for the track meets.

As this is probably the last number in which the editors will have anything to say, it pleases us to be able to thank those of the teachers and alumni who have helped us. We also thank the undergraduates who have contributed to THE CRITIC. This year, we have tried to fill the paper with the students' work, for we believe that a school paper should be controlled by the student body. In further pursuance of this idea, we think it would be a good plan for THE CRITIC staff to have a home of their own. One of those unoccupied rooms just off the chapel would be admirable. Here could be kept the exchanges, a desk at which the editors could write in "blissful solitude," and perhaps even a safe for THE CRITIC's money! We would further suggest that all material for a number of the paper be collected, and then read before the assembled staff. The material accepted could be turned over to the faculty editor as the final censor, though it seems better to permit the students to have as much control as possible. Though the paper might not be as good at first, it would certainly give much better business training than at present.

## Tung Kwei King.

Soon after the spring term opened, everyone in the academy was genuinely sorry at learning that Tung Kwei King, who came to us a year and a half ago,



was to leave for Lafayette college. For, although all are glad to have him enter a more advanced institution, King has so endeared himself not only to school but to the community as well, that his

removal is felt as a direct personal loss.

In the autumn of 1907, through the influence of Dr. Tenney who at that time was in charge of the Chinese students in this country, four young men from China came to Pinkerton. But one of the four, Chien, is now with us; Kwan is at Lafayette with King, and Shen is at school elsewhere. These men from the Far East have in every case impressed all with whom they come in contact by their earnestness, sincerity, and keen intelligence. In every case they have served as an inspiration to those whose pleasure it has been to work with them.

Of the four, probably King has had the most interesting life. He was born about two miles north of the large city of Shanghai; his father's name was Tseng Ching King, his mother's maiden name, Tsai Woo Deah. Owing, however, to a custom entirely different from any that we have King was brought up, not by his true parents, but by his paternal uncle.

In China, if the elder brother of a family has no son, he has the right to adopt a son of his younger brother, and this right it was that led to King's going to his uncle's home at the age of eight.

Dr. Ta Ting King, the uncle, was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy. and is remembered by many who knew him there. From 1898 to 1900 he was secretary of the Imperial Military College, and for many years he was a well-known physician in China. He lost his life during the Boxer troubles, but how, nobody knows. He disappeared from his home, and was never heard from. Dr. King had one son who lived to be seven, dying at that age from the bite of a mad dog. The father then exercised his right and adopted his brother's son.

Tung Kwei King's life among us has been at all times a high tribute to the character and worth of Dr. Ta Ting King. Knowing as we all do the importance of environment, we are easily able to picture the culture and refinement of the home in China which has sent out this young student to our Eastern society.

King has been at school since he was seven. In the fall of 1898 he began to attend one of the English schools in Tientsin; his teacher was a Mr. House. It was long King's ambition to come to America, and after five years of effort he succeeded in his purpose. Few of us realize what it means to send a boy so far from home and for such a long time. The widowed mother very naturally protested long and earnestly, but in the end gave her permission.

In Derry King was the friend of all whom he met. Of pleasant and jovial nature, he made his way easily to the hearts of all. In school he was a thorough student and in spite of the difficulties of working in a tongue that was comparatively strange to him, he stood well in his classes. On the athletic field he was an enthusiast, and was to be seen every day playing with the fellows. He easily made the football team last fall, and played a strong and consistent game at guard. His splendid following of the ball at a critical moment did much toward saving the Sanborn game for Pinkerton. In the church he showed the same fine spirit and his Christian steadfastness was always beautiful to see. Few students have ever become more endeared to all in the community, and few have been missed so much as King.

Pinkerton academy should be congratulated that such a man as King has been

within her gates. In a few years he will return to his native land and stand high among its citizens. China is sending her chosen youth to us with the wise purpose of furnishing herself with men of power. It is a great privilege to be associated with these young men; the time will come doubtless when we shall esteem even more highly the memory of our associations.

China should be congratulated that she can send such a man to represent her amid Western society. King has unconsciously cultivated in us all, a high respect for his country. Few of us knew before what the youth of China were like. We now have seen through personal experience that this ancient nation, so unknown to most Americans, can offer to our inspection men who stand before us all as true types of Christian gentlemen.

## A Tale of My Grandmother.

By Mason J. Young.

A favorite story of my grandmother's is how she and her brother Enoch saw a bear. I have frequently heard her tell the story and will repeat as accurately as possible.

"Well, you see this is how it was. Mother sent Enoch and me into the nearby woods to get some hemlock branches for a broom. They didn't have cane brooms then, as they do now, but swept with a broom made out of hemlock tips tied on a stick. And it made a pretty good one too, as long as it lasted. So, her broom having become rather poor, she sent to get a bundle of new twigs, never thinking but that it was safe enough for us to go, even if we were pretty young. We went along a narrow path until we came to the hemlock bushes, at some distance from the house. Then we went bobbing about just as we naturally would, among the tall trees and underbrush, searching for ends. The bushes were so high we couldn't see much. All at once we came into a little open space. I remember exactly how it looked, now, although I didn't stop there very long. Close to us, the little blue and white violets flowered; in the center a large pine tree stood alone, and at the other end sat a bear, looking the other way. We both dropped our branches and ran for home as fast as we could, I can tell you. I don't remember much of anything except Enoch saying, 'Mary, get out of the path and let me go first, 'cause I can run faster.' I did't get out, even if he was six, and consequently arrived first.

"Rushing into the kitchen Enoch began to tell the story with a few additions, saying, that we ran right upon a bear as big as a cow, and that he had heard him, crashing through the brush, right at our heels, all the way home. Finally he called upon me to confirm his statements. When I replied I had heard no such thing, he said that I was too scared to hear anything. Being a little angered by that I told about his wanting to go first, greatly to the amusement of all present.

"Father and the hired man at once went to see if there really had been a bear, and if he had followed us. They found a bear's tracks fully eighty feet away from ours. The bear had walked away in a direction opposite to ours. Perhaps he was as much surprised as we were, but I don't believe he was so thoroughly frightened. The next day the

farmers turned out and shot our bear, and he wasn't so very large after all, though he must have been very bold to venture so far away from the mountains and so near the dwelling houses. Now I know it was not a very thrilling adventure, but I was quite a girl before I found it out."

## A Doctor's Story.

BY YIH CHIEN.

This short story was told a little while ago. An old doctor played a magnificent trick on the old women, so now I translate it into English in order to show the brain work of our yellow people:

Dr. Wang, a native of Kiang-Soo; a "Little Giant" by his nickname. One day he issued a long paper saying, "I have been studying chemistry for many, many years, so now I have a secret che mi cal invention by which any old woman can be made a young girl. If any one trusts me, let her come to me on the 18th of March. I am very desirous to show my wonderful improvement."

As soon as this news was known all over our country, several thousand women went to see the doctor in one day. The doctor told them to write their birthdays and ages on white cards and to see him again after five days. They all obeyed.

Five days passed. They went to see the doctor again asking him, "What shall we do? What wonderful medicine are you going to give us?" The doctor replied: "Ladies, I am very sorry to say that my office caught fire yesterday evening, so the medicine and those cards which you wrote your names on, were all burned up. Now I want you to write your names and ages all over again on these yellow cards, but one thing I must tell you now, —I want to pick the oldest lady among your company, and take her bones to make my medicine."

These ladies heard the doctor; each was exceedingly afraid to be the oldest one, lest she should be killed by the doctor. So they all diminished their ages on these cards.

The docter viewed all of the cards and declared, "Ladies, you all can go back to your homes now, you are all young girls. How do I prove it? I will explain it to you. I compare these cards to the old ones which were written by you five days ago. (The old cards did not burn up, the doctor was simply fooling them.) Your ages have all decreased a great deal, especially the age of one of you who on the old card, five days ago, was ninety-nine years old; but she only wrote fifteen years old on the new card. Ladies, it is very well, you can make yourselves to be young girls. My responsibility is ended."

## Legends of the Old Academy Bell.

BY MARGARET ABBOTT.

"Ding-dong," "Ding-dong," we hear the Academy bell ring forth every school-day morning and evening, calling us to our studies. For many years, this has been the duty of that bell, and a long time before that one ever existed, the bell that hung in the Old Academy used to perform the same task. But where is the old bell now? It is not destroyed, I think, though its days of pleasant usefulness are things of the past, and it stands alone and forsaken, boasting only of a large crack in its side, received

when it fell from its place of honor in the belfry to the ground below, with the aid of some of the most daring scholars.

But those scholars! the boys! what times they did have in those days, and how many are the tales the old bell might relate if only it was able to! There are many who remember the time when the Academy was thought to be haunted, for, on the thirteenth night of every month at precisely thirteen minutes past twelve, the bell had the habit of ringing incessantly for a short time. One of the trustees, who lived nearby, even went up to the Academy, and into the belfry, to ascertain the cause of this wild ringing, and to discover, if possible, the culprit, that he might receive the proper punishment.

Strange to say, nobody could be found about the place, and still the ringing continued. This frightened the trustee and he fled to his home, proclaiming to the people, on the next day, that there really were spirits in the building and that it would be unsafe to be about there after ten o'clock.

Some of the boys, however, took the affair as a joke, and I do not think it hard to imagine why, for, where there are fun-loving boys and some happening out of the ordinary, it is very easy to put two and two together and see that the boys are connected with the strange occurrence. So it was in this case. Some of the most daring boys had tied a rope to the bell, and drawn it outside of the belfry to an old tree near by. Then, at the appointed time, one lad concealed in the trees, pulled the rope and rang the bell violently for a few minutes, awaking the good people of the neighborhood from their sound sleep, only to fill them with fear and thoughts of ghosts and other weird beings.

One night the boys' prank came near ending in a disaster, for the lad who had taken his post in the tree, fell asleep there, with the rope in his hands. How long he would have slept, I know not, had it not been for the cry of a wise old owl (possibly some ancestor of our friend who has lately told such interesting tales in the CRITIC, only he saw and said nothing) who flew over his head. This startled the now half-awake boy, so that he lost his balance and would have fallen to the ground had not the rope suddenly tightened and stopped his progress. The sound of the bell which gave one mighty peal, fully awoke the boy, and realizing that he was not doing his duty, he resumed his seat on the limb of the tree and rang the bell as he never had before.

Another belief that the Academy was haunted came from the fact that the bell used to ring on and off throughout a whole day, or possibly a night, with no perceptible cause whatever. This time it was not a boy at all, but an old horse in the nearby field that caused the disturbance. A rope had been hitched at one end to the horse, and at the other to the bell, consequently, whenever the animal walked or jumped or kicked, the bell was set to ringing.

I do not know whether the trustees ever discovered the true facts in the case or not, but, certain it is that the boys caused them great annoyance, yet I do not think any one will say that they were really bad boys, simply full of fun, like all of their sex.

Evidently the scholars did not like the

bell, perhaps they thought that if they had no bell to call them to school, they could be late and still have a good excuse; at any rate, one day, when the teachers came to school, they found the bell on the doorstep with a large crack in its side. It is supposed that while fooling in the belfry, the boys either accidentally or "accidentally on purpose" knocked it down and then placed it at the entrance to the Academy, though that is not known to be true.

These, doubtless, are only a few of the stories that concern the "Old Academy Bell," but as it cannot tell them itself, it remains for us to keep our ears open and hear the stories told about it by former P. A. students.

# Correspondence.

Chester, N. H., Apr. 11, 1909.

To the Readers of the "Critic:"

I am going to tell you a few things about some of the P. A. fellows who have faced the long, hard winters at the best college in the land—Dartmouth. These few remarks are from my own personal knowledge, and all the fellows are friends of mine, so any mistakes may be laid at my door.

The class of '00 at P. A. sent Hill and Rufus Clement to Hanover town. There they graduated in '04. Hill is now known as Doctor, and I don't know what Rufus Clement is doing.

The '01 class sent five fellows, Barney, Bell, Emery, Melvin and Smith. They were all in the '05 class at Dartmouth. Smith is now in Pittsburgh, Penn. He is a graduate of the Thayer School of Civil Engineering '06. Emery was in Pittsburgh for a few years. I don't know where he is now. Bell was in Florence, Mass, in a silk mill, the last I knew. I don't know what Barney is doing. Melvin, after he graduated, spent most of three years in Europe. He tried to do too much and broke down. He is now in Chester trying to get back his former health and it is the hope of all that he gets well speedily.

The '02 class has been represented at Dartmouth for seven years by F. P. Scribner. He is an '06 man in the college and '09 in the Medical school. He now signs his name with an M. D. after it. He is at the Carney Hospital in South Boston. Call and see him.

The '03 class also is represented at Dartmouth by only one man. Woodbury, who is an '07 man in the college, now doing office work in the Dean's office.

The '04 class sent Forsaith and McAllister to Dartmouth. They are '08 men in the college. Forsaith is now in the second year in the Medical School and is doing grand work. He always was a "plugger" any way. McAllister was working on the Boston & Albany R. R. last fall.

The '05 class at P. A. sent first one and then two, to Hanover. Moody went right along and is now '09 in the college. I stayed out a year to rest (?), and am now '10 in the college.

The '06 class sent—why, whom did they send? Well, anyway, Hobbs has a brother now at Dartmouth in the class of '12.

The '07 class sent John McDonald and Ira Knight. John is there now. He says he is proud to be a member of the class of '11. Knight had to leave because of illness and has never returned. I understand he has for an excuse the one offered by the man in the parable, who, when invited to a supper, said, that he had to go to his own wedding. But to fill Knight's place, Abbott came to Hanover in February, '09 from the State Col-ege where he had been since '07. He is now a full-fledged Dartmouth man. He won a second prize in the annual winter interclass games a few weeks ago. He also caused considerable amusement by an accident to his running suit.

The '08 class sent Young and Stearns to help swell the numbers in the class of 1912 in the College. Sanborn, who spent part of a year at P. A., also landed there last fall. Now fellows, who of you are going to represent old P. A. at Dartmouth after the fellows there now have gone? It's "up to you" to keep P. A. recognized at the college as one of the best prep' schools in the state, for that is what she is. Come on, you won't be sorry.

Yours truly,

H. M. WEST, P. A. '05.

# Athletics.

## Baseball

At the beginning of this season we have of last year's team, Griffiths at third base, Williams at center field, Watts at second, Elmer Palmer in the box, and Elwin at first. Others who will probably earn their P this year are, Ladd, Bartlett, Tyler, Stearns, Russell, Salner, Hollingshead, Elliott and Hodsdon.

We are fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Brice as coach, for not only is he a good ball player, but he is well liked by the boys. He will also coach the track team one day each week.

Alumni 13: Pinkerton 1.

In the first game of the season, April 12, the team showed lack of practice, and made many costly errors from which the alumni easily scored. The alumni team was composed of: Dr. C. E. Newell c, Hall p, Moody cf, West 3b, Howard Abbott ss, Knight 1b, Tourtellot lf, Nichols rf, Raitt 2b.

D. A. A. 5: Pinkerton 3.

April 17. There is a marked feeling of friendly rivalry between these two teams that tends to increase each year and to make the game more and more interesting. A unique feature was that there were four Tyler brothers playing, three for D. A. A. and one for P. A. The recent rain had left the grounds in a poor condition, making it disagreeable for the large crowd as well as for the contestants.

Manchester 6: Pinkerton 2.

April 21. The first game of the season with an out of town team, showed that the boys were perhaps better prepared than was generally expected. Manchester as usual, had a good team, and came down prepared to win. Up to the end of the eighth however the score stood only three to two in their favor; in the ninth they scored three more runs.

Haverhill 22: Pinkerton 2.

April 28. From the very beginning Haverhill had things her own way. By bunching their hits and taking advantage of several errors they easily scored time and again. Salner made both the runs for P. A. Twice more there were good chances to score, but the necessary hit did not appear, and Pinkerton went down to defeat.

Hesser 10: Pinkerton 2.

May 8. P. A. was outmatched all the time, playing with a team that was on a par with Haverhill; notwithstanding the boys put up the best game so far this season. In the second inning the Hesser second baseman got a fine double play and came near getting a triple.

Nashua 11: P. A. 6.

The game with Nashua High, May 12, showed considerable improvement on the part of Pinkerton. The boys hit the ball hard, and ran bases well. They were outplayed however, and Nashua showed a readiness to take advantage of P. A.'s mistakes that easily gave them the game.

## Track

Four years ago Pinkerton and Sanborn came to an agreement by the terms of which, at the end of five years, the school that had won the most points in football, baseball and track, each counting one, should receive a cup. During this time we have won seven out of the necessary eight points to get this cup, but unless we try hard it will slip from us even now.

To offer an incentive to honest effort the Athletic Association has procured two silver cups as a reward for the two persons who win the most points in a series of three handicap meets. These are both handsome little cups and well worth trying for. The object of handicap meets is to give the younger fellows a greater chance, for by fair handicaps they stand as good show as those who have had more experience. It also helps those who will make the team to get accustomed to the conditions in any inter-school meet.

The first meet was held April 30. Although some of the handicaps did not quite even things up, most of them were near enough to make things interesting. It showed us much stronger in the runs than was expected, although rather weak in the field events. Those who won the points were,—Page 25, Griffiths 20, Shepard 19, Abbott 11, Wilson 10, Curtis 6, Hollingshead 4, Mears 4, Miltimore 4, Salner 3, and Ladd 1.

May 10, we held the second meet. All the events were much closer than before; in almost every case those who got places had to work hard, prrticularly those who were in the runs. In every event the first place was won by a narrow margin, and the records were all better than in the first meet.

The present standing is: Page 49, Griffiths 35, Shepard 35, Wilson 25, Abbott 24, Curtis 12, Bartlett 8, Hollingshead 7, Miltimore 6, Mears 4, Salner 3 and Ladd 1.

The fourth annual dual track meet with Sanborn Seminary will be held on our own grounds, Saturday, May 29. This is certain to be as close and interesting as all the previous meets have been. For the benefit of many who may be interested in comparing the results this year with those

of past seasons the following is given:

RECORDS IN SANBORN-PINKERTON TRACK MEETS.

100 yds. dash, 11 1-5 seconds, 1907, Kaulback (P. A.) and 1908, Griffiths (P. A.)
220 yds. dash, 25 2-5 seconds, 1907, Kemp (S. S.)
440 yds. run, 56 2-5 seconds, 1908, F. J. Shepard, Jr. (P. A.)
880 yds. run, 2m. 12 4-5 sec., 1908, F. J. Shepard, Jr. (P. A.)
One mile run, 4m. 46 3-5 seconds, 1908, Cuendet, (S. S.)
220 yds. Hurdles, 26 2-5 seconds, 1908, Flint, (S. S.)
Shot Put, 40 ft. 2 1-2 in., 1906, Bancroft, (P. A.)
Hammer Throw, 109 ft. 6 in., 1906, Bancroft, (P. A.,
High jump, 5 ft. 2 in, 1908, F. Corson, (P. A.)
Discus Throw, 103 ft. 3 3-4 in. 1906, Bancroft, (P. A.)
Broad Jump 20 ft. 1 in. 1908, J. Ladd, (S. S.)
Pole Vault, 9 ft. 2 in. 1908, F Corson, (P. A.)

# Alumni Department.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy of Lancaster, Mass., (Ellen A. Webster) celebrated their Golden wedding Apr. 19, 1909. A fine dinner was served at which 22 participated. Many beautiful gifts were received of flowers, silver, gold and diamonds. Mrs. Fannie (Webster) Ray composed a poem for the occasion which was heartily enjoyed by all.

*'60—Dr. Harrison Alexander has returned to his home here from South America. His many friends are pleased to meet him once more.

*'66—One of our trustees, Mr. Geo. Clark, and Mrs. Clark (Carrie Pinkerton) of Worcester, Mass., are enjoying a trip to the Mediterannean.

*'78—Mrs. James Olmstead (Emma Parmerton) and her daughter, Miriam, are now in Switzerland en route to Venice.

*'79—Ex-Gov. C. M. Floyd is President of a company who have recently purchased Appledore Island, Isles of Shoals, for the purpose of opening up a lot of land for a new summer colony.

*'81—Chas. W. Abbott has sold his residence on East Broadway to a Mrs. Lee.

*'81—Mrs. M. A. Shurward (Lucy Currier) lives on a big ranch in Boerne, Tex. Her husband, on account of his health, has given up his Life Insurance business and their home in New Orleans, La.

*'86 and Faculty.—Mr. Chas. A. Sefton is now a member of the double quartette at the First Universalist Church, Haverhill, Mass.

'87-'93—Robert Lincoln O'Brien and Paul Pinkerton Foster were at a dinner given by the Boston City Club, March 30, when 250 of Boston's most prominent citizens discussed, "How to make Boston the finest city in the world in the year 1915."

*'89—Prof. Walter S. Adams, who is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, has received a letter from Andrew Carnegie who has placed at his disposal an unlimited amount of money to use in his astronomical investigations at Mt. Wilson, Cal.

'90—Mrs. Benj. F. Low (Harriett Day) before the Woman's Club, recently gave a fine paper entitled, "Village Improvement."

'93—Paul Pinkerton Foster has contributed a fine article for the April Review of Reviews, entitled, "Plotting the Upper Air." This treats particularly of the experiments being made at The Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, Milton, Mass., mountain top observations, observations from ships, pilot balloons and wonderful discoveries made by the use of kites in the sky above us.

'91-'*97—Dr. H. Ward Newell, organist

and Arthur Nichols, chorister, rendered great assistance to the Baptist choir at Derry, N. H., for the Eastertide services.

'94—Ernest L. Silver, Supt. of schools, Portsmouth, N. H., was a recent visitor at P. A. Mr. Silver is one of the visiting committee of P. A.

*'96—Mrs. John Mead (Sara Wheeler) from Brooklyn, N. Y., recently visited her former home.

'97-'00, Faculty—Prof. A. S. Todd from New Bedford, Mass., has been in town.

*'01—The Easter number of the "Youths' Companion contained a song, "The Spring Fairy," with music by Grace H. Warner.

*'01—Miss Bessie W. Wheeler delightfully entertained the B. G. Club at her home recently. A musical and literary program was given and dainty refreshments served.

*'03—Frank D. Corson is book-keeper for the American Can Co., of Boston, Mass.

'03—Mrs. Theron E. Fisher (Marion Bradford), Rochester, N. Y., has been visiting her home for a few weeks.

'04—Annie M. Fisher is teaching at Tyringham, Mass.

*'05—Fred G. Bartlett is a stenographer and assistant in the law office of G. K. & B. T. Bartlett, Derry, N. H.

'05—Miss Rosie Belle Chase is teaching in the Fourth Grade School, East Side, Derry, N. H.

*'06—Helen H. Fisher is attending Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H.

'07—Harold V. Abbott has entered the Sophomore class at Dartmouth college.

*'08—Paul Clifford is a student at Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Col. He is delighted with the country there and with its magnificent scenery.

'08—Fred L. Corson is teaching school in Candia, N. H.

'08—Richard H. Currier and Harry G. Hager have enjoyed a trip to Washington, D. C.

'08—Lena Webster is teaching school at Sandown, N. H.

## Marriages.

Lawrence, Mass., April 7, 1909, Albert Whittemore of Goffstown, N. H., and Emma Lillian Colby (*'79) of Derry, N.H.

Buckhannon, W. Va., Feb. 6, '09, Harry W. Clark (*'91)of Chase City, Va., to Martha Lee Hardy.

Albany, N. Y., Mar. 18, '09, James P. Clark (*'91) Schenectady, N. Y., to Ada Hettinger.

Quincy, Mass., April 14, '09, Walter Palmer Emery (*01) of Auburn, N. H., to Miss Lucie Frances Newcomb.

## Births.

Derry, May 7, '09, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carpenter (Addie Clark *'99) a daughter.

## Deaths.

'50s.—New York, April 21, '09, Rev. Dr. S. J. Barrows, who died recently in New York, was Editor of the "Christian Register" for 16 years, served as secretary to Wm. H. Seward, a former secretary of state, in 1896 was president of the international prison commission, graduated

from Harvard Divinity school and studied later at the University of Leipsic, Germany. He was the husband of Belle Hayes of Derry, N. H., who was his able assistant. Mrs. Barrows is at present in St. Petersburg, Russia.

'67.—Melrose, Mass., April 23, 1909, Andrew W. Dodd, aged 56 years.

# The Academy Crow.



THE other day I heard some of the boys of the Middle class talking about drawing up a petition if they could obtain enough signatures. My curiosity was aroused. What was this going to be? They said they were going to send it to Washington too. Well, I just kept still, and tried to happen around when they were talking about it. I soon learned, as I always do when I wait long enough, that there was such an extensive correspondence in the class of 1912, that it could not be successfully carried on, unless they had an improved method of transporting the mails. The petition was for a rural free delivery route to be installed in the Junior room, which will greatly simplify the present situation. I am fully in favor of this movement, as I always am for any reform.

The other day, I peeked in at the library window and was attracted by two new silver cups. They immediately drew my attention. Of course, you all know how a crow likes anything that shines, (you see that's why I take such an interest in the bright students). The cups were "very cute," according to some of the 1910 girls. I heard "Dave" telling some one that they were for the two boys who succeeded in winning the most points in the three handicap meets, which were to be held every two weeks. Right then and there I decided to go to them.

That same afternoon, as I came toward the academy from Bradford's cornfield, I heard quite a commotion down on the athletic field, so I flew down. There I saw the boys dressed in running "flappers," and I shivered to think how cold they must be. When the smoke of the strife cleared away, "Pagey" had the most points. It was five firsts I believe. I see where he's handicapped next time!

They had great trouble in starting the meet I hear, for everyone forgot who was track manager. If I had an office like that, I think I should be the last one to forget it. Perhaps the present track manager was the last to forget though I've heard he's usually the first.

While we are talking about athletics, I may as well mention something I saw the other day. That afternoon I was hiding behind the parsonage, for I saw "Abbie" and "Blondy" with a revolver down on the athletic field. I believe those fellows had just as soon shoot me as not, even if I do help fill up THE CRITIC. Well, as I was saying, or going to say, I heard a noise that sounded like a load of tin cans drawn over a corduroy road, and saw Mr. Reynolds trundling a red box on wheels across the field. It wobbled


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around like a drunken man. Caw, Caw, Caw! When I heard that this red thing on wheels was a marker to line off the field I laughed in my wings; for you see I saw "Skimmie" try to use one once. At first I had believed that Mr. Reynolds had invented a new style of perambulator. It took Mr. Reynolds, the baseball coach, "Freddie" and I don't know how many more, to get it started. First they poured in water and then lime. I guess it didn't work, for I heard the "Inseparables" praising themselves for lining off the field, They would rather use a tin can than that thing, I know.

What do you folks know about hanging May-baskets? I don't know very much, but I had a great curiosity to know how one feels when he hangs one. So last week I got the drawing teacher to show me how to design a real pretty basket. I had to fly up the turnpike about two miles to get some fox berries to decorate it with. Then I struck a snag. I intended it for the Owl you know, and he doesn't care for vegetables, so I was in a quandary as to the filling. Just then I happened to think of a mouse I had seen the other week, up in "Bart's" barn. I got that; and it looked very good, the red berries contrasting with the grey fur.

About half past eight, Saturday night, I flew noiselessly up to the Old Academy steeple, dropped the basket, gave two or three resounding pecks, and flapped away as fast as I could. No one followed me. I called for the owl the next morning, and you can imagine my disgust when I found that he had departed for parts unknown. Some people can never be grateful.

Quite a few weeks ago, I saw a young lady come into the Senior English room. One of the boys behind me whispered, "Gee! Samsonalis!" In fact, it was Miss Chandler, the new elocution teacher. Confidentially, you know, I would like to hear her on the platform again, Anyway, if she can teach the students to speak half as well as she does, I will say, "Caw, Caw!" at the top of my voice.

Just about the same time, I saw Bessie Smith at school again. I always did take a fancy to Bessie, even if she did come from Candia, which so many of those "horrid" boys claim as their home. She doesn't look quite strong yet, but I've heard green wood's good for the health.

But honestly, though I do laugh so much at the students that it seems as though nothing else could really sound humorous to me, yet the fun on the evening of April twenty-third simply made me lie on my back and caw until my voice was hoarse. Caw, caw, caw! Why do they let such funny people go around loose. Mr. Eccles surely knows how to stir up people's risibles (a new word I picked up in Senior English).

This Marathon craze is a great thing, but I found to my soreness that it does not pay to fly too far the first time. I flew five miles the first day, and haven't done any more since. The P. A. boys evidently have more perseverance than I, for I met a couple of them almost up to Auburn, where I had been to see a "cousin" of mine. They didn't seem very tired either. All the same you won't see me trying it again in a hurry.

The other morning I was flying by the front door of the academy, when I saw something new in the lower hall. Then it came to me that I had seen two men

up there the previous evening. I flew closer and saw that there were three busts, very artistically arranged, facing the entrance. A bust of Daniel Webster was at the left, one of Henry W. Longfellow at the right, and the one of Lincoln, given by the Molly Reid chapter, D. A. R., in the center. They add a great deal to the appearance of the hall.

I like to see the great men of our country, where the students can easily come in touch with their likenesses, and, I hope, be inspired with a desire to become familiar with men who became truly great, as Lowell said:

"Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth."

When I came back this term, I, as I always do, looked very carefully to see who came back, and if we had lost any of our friends. To my sorrow I learned that we had. Three of our special students had gone from school. Mr. King to Lafayette college, Mr. Stuart to a Theological School, and Howard Corson to take a position in a R. R. station. I shall miss them very much as I always do the former students of P. A.

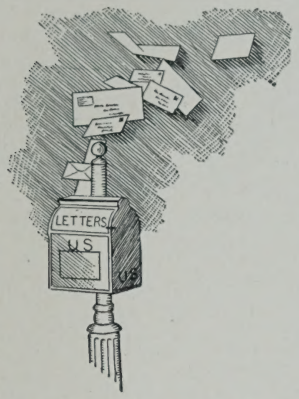
The first day I looked into Miss Parsons's room and saw a strange, though familiar face. Who could it be? Then I suddenly remembered; I had seen him at Sanborn when we played them in baseball; it was Carl Ladd. As his fame with the bat is well known, I am glad to see him playing for P. A. rather than against her.

Oh, caw! I must cut this short or I'll have the writer's cramp. My left foot is asleep now, and if this keeps on I shall have to hire an amanuensis (more Senior English). As I went by the office the other afternoon I saw a big brown bottle hanging in front of the window. I caught a glimpse of the label when it swung around. XXX Rye! Oh, caw, caw! What is the Academy coming to. The teacher said that if any of the girls in that class came to call at his house, he would entertain them with a bottle on a string. I always thought they preferred boys to bottles. Caw?

I tried to lay that trick on the Owl; since the clock has been striking thirteen lately, and he is such a wise old bird, that I thought he must know something about it. But the bad weather evidently had had a ravaging effect on his temper. Pulling his head from beneath his wing, he regarded me with one blinking eye, and said:

"Aw, cheese it!"

I did; and am going to again.




# Exchanges.

The practice of copying copiously from other school papers is to be condemned, but much more so is the habit which *The Review*, Lowell, Mass., has fallen into. Extracts and complete articles from papers outside the school world were to be found in both the February and March numbers of that magazine. The *Quill*, Norton, Kansas, is affected by a somewhat similar ailment. To aid in the filling up of space, it seemingly has an inexhaustable supply of one-line quotations which it hurls unmercifully upon the reader. There are few, we think, who will defend in this practice either of the papers mentioned. At best, it is only a confession of inability to publish a paper without outside help.

The Literary Department of *The Minute Man*, Concord, Mass., would be more interesting were it of a more varied character. The editor of this paper throughout the year has displayed a partiality to the essay and the description, and fictitious narratives have seldom appeared. The series of Interviews found in "Locals" were read with pleasure by us, and were probably doubly interesting to Concord School Boys.

We have examined two papers from Nebraska this month, *The Gates Index*, Neligh, and *The Envoy*, Chadron. The outward appearance of the last named forms at once in the observer, a prejudice against it; the type is very small and the grade of paper poor in a superlative degree. Further examination strengthens this prejudice. The magazine has fourteen students on its staff; yet so large a number only succeeded in producing twelve pages, three of which were advertisements. *The Index* is somewhat more satisfactory, but it also has room for betterment. The literature in the March number consisted wholly of essays on Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" and we know of no one who could read the six and a quarter pages devoted to that subject without yawning.

At last we have discovered why *The Alpha*, New Bedford, Mass., has no cover. Its Exchange Editor has informed us that it's because "Fine Feathers Do Not Make Fine Birds!" What a conscientious little paper *The Alpha* is! We hesitate to suggest that perhaps it carries its puritanical principles too far.

Poets are flourishing in Florida just now. At any rate, we came to that conclusion after we had seen the amount of verse in the April number of *The Oracle*,

Jacksonville, Fla. It's upon all subjects and is of all degrees of excellence.

Exchanges received: *Alpha*, (2) (New Bedford, Mass.), *Academy Echo*, (Freedom, Me.), *Advance*, (Salem, Mass.), *Argonant*, (Mansfield, Mass.), *Artisan* (2) (Boston, Mass.), *Breccia*, (2) (Portland, Me.), *Brown Alumni Monthly*, (2) (Providence, R. I.), *Bulletin*, (Lawrence, Mass.), *Bulletin*, (Memphis, Tenn.), *Bugle*, (Bakersfield, Vt.), *Choate School News*, (Wallingford, Conn.), *Chronicle*, (Kingston, Ohio), *Clarion*, (Marlborough, Mass.), *Crimson Tatler*, (2) (West Newton, Mass.), *Clarion*, (West Roxbury, Mass.), *Dial*, (Brattleborough, Vt.), *Echo*, (Kingston, N. H.), *Envoy*, (Chadron, Neb.), *Flame* (2) (Fruitvale, Cal.), *Gates Index*, (3) (Neligh, Neb.), *Gazette*, (Lynn, Mass.), *Goddard Record*, (Barre, Vt.), *Hampstead Owl*, (Hampstead, N. H.), *High School Times*, (Dayton, Ohio.), *High School Review*, (Hamilton, Ohio), *Increscent*, (2) (Beloit, Wis.), *Islander*, (Bar Harbor, Me.), *Karnx*, (2) (Phillipsburg, N. J.), *LaKonian*, (Laconia, N. H.), *Latin School Register*, (Boston, Mass.), *Lilliputian*, (2) (Canton, N. Y.), *School Life*, (Melrose, Mass.), *Lookout*, (2) (Derby, Conn.), *Megaphone*, (Franklin, Mass.) *Messenger*, (Portland, Me.), *Minute Man*, (Concord, Mass.), *Mirror*, (2) (Waltham, Mass.), *Now and Then*, (St. Paul, Minn.), *Norton County High School Quill*, (3) (Norton, Kansas.), *New Hampshire College Monthly*, (Durham, N. H.), *Oakuan*, (Honolulu, T. H.), *Oracle*, (3) (Bangor, Me.,) *Owl*, (Wellsville, N. Y.), *Pennant*, (2) Haverhill, Mass.), *Quarterly Tatler*, (New York, N. Y.), *Roaring Branch*, (2), (Bennington, Vt.), *Red and Black*, (Claremont, N. H.), *Red and Black*, (2) Chicago, Ill.), *Register*, (Burlington, Vt.), *Reveille*, (2) Northfield, Vt.), *Res Academicae*, (5), (Wilkes Barre, Pa.), *Review* (2) (Lowell, Mass.), *Review*, (2) Galveston, Texas.), *Student*, (3) (Swanton, Vt.), *Radiator*, (Somerville, Mass.), *Students' Review*, (Northampton, Mass.), *Salem Commercial School Quarterly*, (Salem, Mass.), *Country Time and Tide*, (Montague, Mass.), *Tattler*, (2) (Nashua, N. H.), *Vermont Academy Life*, (Saxton's River, Vt.), *Voice*, (New London, N. H.), *Volunteer*, (Concord, N. H.), *Vox Studentis*,(2) (Union City, Tenn.), *Willistonian*, (2) (Easthampton, Mass.), *Oracle*, (2) Jacksonville, Fla.).

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